BARNABAS AND BOANERGES:

OR,

WINE and OYLE FOR Afflicted Soules.

Powred forth and applied in Consolatory { Promises, Prayers, and Soliloquies.

By FRA. QUARLES.

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Matt Stanninough

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The

THE WEARY MANS *Burthen* and *Reſt*.

GOd who in himſelfe is the fulneſſe and perfection of all glory, who needed no tongue to praiſe it, no pen to expreſſe it, no work to magnifie it, created a world for his own pleaſure, furniſht it of his own goodneſſe, made *Man* out of his own meer motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a *witneſſe* and an *inſtrument* of

his Glory, the ſole end of his *Creation.* But *Man* grew proud, tranſgreſt againſt his *firſt Commandement* and fell, and by his *fall* deſtroyed his then unborne poſterity: *Sinne* entred the world, and *death* by ſinne, and I poore miſerable *creature* borne in ſinne, have turned his glory to diſhonour, my due obedience to rebellion, and my happineſſe into eternall *death.* How intolerable is the *Burthen of this ſinne!* how inſufferable is the weight of my offences! If I but think of heaven, it clogs my *contemplations*; If I but pray to heaven, it preſſes downe my devotion: I have loſt the *favour* of my God, I have fruſtrated the end of my *Creation*, I have broke the peace of my *conſcience*, I have clipt the wings of my

my Faith. I have dasht the comfort of my hopes: good Angells have forsaken me, my conscience hath accused me, Gods *Prophets* have condemned me, and Hell gapes for me. What shall I doe? Or whether shall I flee? shall I seek to *Angels*? Alas I have turned them away displeased: They will not heare me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I flee to my owne *Conscience*? alas that will fly on me. Shall I trust to my owne *Merits*? Alas they are false *Lights*, and will light me to my owne *Ruine*. Or shall I take the wings of the *Morning*, and fly to the utmost parts of the earth? alas, my sinnes will follow me; my sins will haunt me whereseoever I goe. Poor miserable man that

I am, who ſhall deliver me from this Burthen? Poore miſerable man that I am, who ſhall releaſe me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poore diſtreſſed *Soule!* Is there no eaſe for a poor diſconſolate *ſinner*! Is there no *Balſome* for a wounded *heart*! no *Refuge* for a guilty penitent! O my ſoule, why art thou ſo ſad? and why is thy ſpirit ſo diſquieted within thee? Put thy truſt in God, who hath ſaid

*Mat.*11.28.

Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt.

*Jer.*6.16.

Thus ſaith the Lord: Stand yee in the old waies, and ſee and aske for the old pathes, where is the good way, and walk

walk therein, and ye ſhall find reſt for your ſouls.

Iſay 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord ſhall return and come with ſinging unto Sion, and everlaſting joy ſhall be upon their heads; They ſhall obtain gladneſſe and joy; and ſorrow and mourning ſhall fly away.

Mat. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learne of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye ſhall have reſt unto your ſouls.

Hierom. in Epiſt.

Doſt thou feare poverty? Chriſt calls the poore man bleſſed: Art thou afraid of labour; paines are the parents of a Crown. Art thou hungry? Faith feares no famine. God the Generaliſſimo of the

world, with his Militia of Angells beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a Crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with fasting, prayer, reading, alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His Soliloquy.

TRUE, my soul, if thou shouldest onely cast an eye upon the *Letter* of the Law, that Letter would soone cast thee and condemne thee: or if thy onely Object were the base *Corruptions* of thy sinfull heart.

heart, there were ſufficient cauſe to juſtifie the condemnation: or hadſt thou nothing elſe to truſt to but thine owne *Abilities*, thy caſe were too too miſerable for expreſſion: or ſhouldſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that glorious Majeſty thou haſt offended, there were no hopes for conſolation. But, O my ſoul, there is a Goſpell to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*, There is a Chancery to moderate the ſeverity of that *Law:* There is a Saviour to mediate betwixt that God and thy *Offences*. Art thou in bondage? O my ſoul, here is *Freedome:* Art thou dejected? here is *Comfort*: Art thou purſued? here is a *Refuge*: art thou overburthen'd? here is *Reſt:* Art thou condemned? here is a *Pardon*. Appeal therefore from the

Throne of *Justice* to the seat of *Mercy*: from the *Justice* of *Iehovah* to the mercy of thy *Jesus*; deny thy self and he will own thee; empty thy self, and he will fill thee. Let not thy sins affright thee, he hath satisfied: Let not *hell* dismay thee, he hath suffered; Let not the *first* death trouble thee, he hath sweetned it: Let not the second death terrifie thee, he hath conquered it: Feare not to come to him, for he hath called thee: Feare not to pray to him, for he will hear thee.

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect Glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madest him for

for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse*; I a poor son of *Adam*, fallen by his *sin*, and wallowing in my owne corruptions, lie prostrate here before the foot-stoole of thy *Mercy-seat*, acknowledging my grievous *sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy only Sonne, but made his precious *blood* a Ransome to redeeme me from the jaws of *Death*! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *him* my gracious *Advocate*: I have made my selfe a *sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour*: To thee therefore O my blessed *Iesus*, whose *death* is my deliverance I flee; Before thee (who art more mercifull, then I am misc-

rable

rable) I fall: Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldned me, to preſent my groans before thy gracious ears, and to lay my burthen upon thy dying *Shoulders*: O *Lamb* of God which takeſt away the ſins of the *World*, have mercy upon me: O Lamb of God that tookeſt away the burthen of my ſins, have mercy upon me and grant me thy *Reſt*; O thou that takeſt my fleſh upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*; Sanctifie my thoughts; Be mercifull to my ſins; Be gracious to my Prayers: Let the *Interceſſion* of thy Merits reſtore me to the favour of my God. Let the freeneſſe of thy mercy releaſe me from the burthen of my *Conſcience*. Weane me from my ſelf, direct me in thy waies: be thou my *Reſt*, be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering

faith.

faith. Recal my wandring *hopes*: Give thy Angells charge over me, whom I have so oft sent grieved away; Establish me with a free *Spirit*, and restore me to the joy of thy *Salvation*. Let that *power* that calls me enable me to come, and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promise*: Let thy *Word* comfort me; Let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counsell me, that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, released from the *Burthen* of my sins, and redeemed by the vertue of thy bloud, I may com to thee with the confidence of a son, and be received of thee in the compassion of a Father; and after this life of grace, live with thee in thy Kingdome of Glory.

THE

THE *Sinners Sentence, and Sanctuary.*

O The miserable condition of *Mankind*! What loads of self-made *misery* is fallen upon the sonnes of men! Man that had once a power not to *fall*, hath not now the will to *stand*; and being falne by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the power to *rise*. He was created *good*; but not content with such a goodnesse, grew covetous to increase it by the

the knowledge of that which (being knowne) deprived him of that goodneſſe. *Evill* hee deſired to know; and not knowing the miſery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miſerable. That God the ſweetneſſe of whoſe preſence was the perfection of mans *felicity*, he rebelliouſly declined. And being the *Favorite* of Heaven, made himſelfe a *Firebrand* of hell, and I his miſerable child, am made more miſerable by my own offences. What *mercy* can I expect from this juſt God, whoſe *Juſtice* I have ſo oft offended? VVhat *Indgement* may I not ſuſpect from that mercifull God, whoſe mercy I have ſo oft abuſed? Is not the practice of my life ſinne? Are not the *wages* of my ſin *death*? If one *ſin* deſtroyed a world of men

men, shall not a world of sinnes destroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Justice*, am now afraid to think him *Just*: I that have slighted his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him mercifull: He that made the eye, can he chuse but see? He that sees all things, beholds he not my sinne? Can he behold my sinne, and not punish? Can he punish, and I not confounded? What am I poor dust and ashes to stand before so great an *Enemy*? Did he not create me for his *service*, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? VVhat *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shal secure me? Shall that *Blood* save me which I have spilt? Will that *Judge* quit me, which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers

to

to heaven? Alas my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head! Shall I lay my sinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not lest they draw downe vengeance into my bosome. Be not afraid, my soul, Gods mercy far transcends thy misery. Chear up, where sinne abounds, there grace abounds much more. O now my soule depart in peace; for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*: Open thine ears and heare what the Spirit saith,

John 11. 16.

He that believeth in me shall never die.

Rom. 1. 17.

The just shall live by faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him,

him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 3.

Beleeve in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household,

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and beleeveth in him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholique religion, is the light of the soule, the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.

Cassiod.

Man enjoyes all things in himselfe, that enjoyes himselfe, but he onely enjoyes himselfe that

that enjoyes his God, and he alone enjoyes his God; that beleeves in him.

Auguſtine.

No greater treaſure then the true Catholique faith: It gives to the blind, light; to the ſick, health; to ſinners, repentance; to the penitent, ſalvation.

His Soliloquy.

BUT is thy miſery, O my ſoul, greater then his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practiſe of thy life is *ſinne*; but the practiſe of his Mercy is *pardon*. The wages of thy ſinne is *death*; but the merits of his death is *life*: Art thou afraid to think the God of vengeance *juſt*? and well thou mayeſt, if thou deny the

the God of mercy to be *mercifull*: Old *Adam* hath run thee in debt, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustfull soul, darken not the Sunshine of his power with the clouds of thy *Infidelity*: Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy, with the interposition of thy *despaire*. Think not thy great Creator is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy Creation? thou art absolv'd by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy Rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviours *Blood*: Take comfort, that very bloud which thou hast spilt will save thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: the Lord of glory whom

whom thou haſt crucified, hath crucified thy ſins. Fear not then, my ſoul, to flee to ſuch a *Friend*, whoſe armes are open to embrace thee, whoſe eyes are open to behold thee, whoſe lips are open to plead for thee, whoſe wounds are open to eaſe thy paines, whoſe eares are open to hear thy prayers.

His Prayer.

O GOD that madeſt all things to ſerve man, that man might the more cheerfully ſerve thee, that gaveſt him power to continue in that perfect ſtate thou madeſt him, and a will to uſe that power to thy glory and his own comfort; I the unhappy ſon of my unhappy parents, made

made more unhappy by mine own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition, acknowledge my selfe the miserable subject of thy utter wrath: Lord I have lost the power to do what thou commandest, and am onely left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me: But yet O God thy mercy is no lesse infinite than thy justice, and far more infinite then my sinnes, and thou hast promised life to all Beleevers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise*, and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified: Look not upon thy servant O God, but through the Bloud of thy *Sonne*; and let the

the merits of a Saviour, out-cry the demerits of a ſinner. Remember not what I a ſinner have done, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath ſuffered, O let his bloudy *ſweat* annoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord I am ſick, I flee to him as my *Phyſitian*; I am a treſpaſſer, I flee to him my *Advocate*; I am a ſuter, I flee to him my *Mediator*; I am a Delinquent, I flee to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a ſinner, I flee to him my *Saviour*. Let the ſhamefullneſſe of his death expiate the ſinfullneſſe of my life; and let the willingneſſe of his *Obedience*, ſatisfie for the wilfullneſſe of my Rebellion: Let my ſinnes, that cry louder then the ſinnes of *Cain*, be waſht in his *blood* which ſpeakes

speaks better things then the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe: Lord I beleeve, Lord help my unbelief: Quicken my soul with faith: Inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers*; that knowing him I may believe in him; and believing in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosanna's* here in the Church Militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

THE

THE POORE MANS *Want* and *Supply.*

GOd that created all things for mans uſe, created man for his ſervice, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do ſervice to his *Creatour*: But when the proud diſloyalty of man rebelled, the *Creature* that knew not how to ſerve man on ſuch conditions, returned to his firſt Creatour, to be a new diſpoſed of by him, according to his pleaſure. How dare I then preſume to expect from his hands what I have diſ-inherited

rited my self of by my rebellion? Or how can I a dogge claim any interest in the Childrens *bread*? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the portion of the righteous? And if the righteous onely shall inherit the land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance? If blessings be the proper due of *sonns*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I am no Sonne, and therefore no *Heire*, that insomuch what I possesse I enjoy not by *right*, but usurpation. VVhat have I that I can call mine owne? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a sinner; I am *poore*, for I want the thing I have; I am *blinde*, for I cannot see my wants; I am *naked*, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sinne, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame:

ſhame: I can ſee nothing but that I am wretched and poor, and blind, and naked; I can expect nothing but what I firſt muſt receive; I can receive nothing, but what muſt firſt be given: Nothing can be given but by Prayer; Prayer hath no vertue but by *Faith*, and whatſoever is not of faith is *ſinne*; How then ſhall I ſupply this *emptineſſe*? By what meanes ſhall I relieve my wants? By what *Art* ſhall I clear this *blindneſſe*? What clothes ſhall hide my *nakedneſſe*? If I pray for what I want, I fear I ſhall not want what I deſerve: I am a *Prodigall*, and have ſpent my *Talent*; I have divorſt my preſence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Sonne*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forſa-

ken my God, and his blessings have forsaken me; I that have banish't my selfe from my *fathers* bounteous table, am now marshalled among *swine*. Return, return thee O my soule, into thy *fathers* arms; confesse thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

*Joh.*16.23.

Whatsoeuer ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.

1 *Joh.*5.14,15.

And this is the confidence we have in him; if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us, if we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

*Joh.*14.13.

Whatsoever yee aske in my name, that will I do, that the Fathe

Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7. 7.

Ask, and it ſhall be given you; ſeek, and you ſhall find; knock, and it ſhall be opened to you.

Pſal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gaveſt it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

Iſidore.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtaines not the thing he deſires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we ſhall doubtleſſe receive what we deſire.

Ambroſe.

We have all things in Chriſt, and Chriſt is all things in us; If we are ſick, he is a Phyſitian; if we fear death, he is life; if in darkneſſe, he is light; if in

want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirſty, he is drink; if miſerable, he is mercie; if covetous of heaven, he is the way.

His Soliloquy.

IF thy own righteouſneſs only intereſt thee in heaven, or hadſt thou no better title to the bleſſing of earth then from thy ſelf, how vaine were the merits of a *Saviour*, and how poor were the eſtate of a *ſinner*? But having no righteouſneſſe but in him, thou haſt no intereſt in any bleſſing but by *him*. Art thou poor in eſtate, O my ſoul? find him, and thou art rich. Art thou wretched? ſeek him, and thou haſt happineſſe. Blinded with Error? ſeek him, and thou art in-

inlightned with truth. Naked? find him, and thou ſhalt be cloathed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy ſin, and thou ſhalt injoy all things by thy *repentance*. Be ſenſible of thy miſery, and thou art capable of his *Mercy*. Haſt thou waſted thy Portion with the Prodigall? returne to thy Father like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own unworthineſſe, and thy fathers *indulgence* will imbrace thee. Let not the ſenſe of thy owne *wretchedneſſe* diſcourage thee, nor the feare of his *diſpleaſure* diſhearten thee: Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canſt thou diſtruſt the mercies of a heavenly Father? Go then my ſoul: Flee into his boſome by *contrition*, groan thy ſorrowes in his eare by penitent *confeſſion*; He that

hath called thee will accept thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will heare thy *Prayer.*

His Prayer.

O God that art the Creator, & giver of all good things by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service, I a poor off-cast among the Sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have misspent thy precious blessings, do here returne from *Husks* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended *Father*; I have usurpt thy favors, intruded into thy blessings,

bleſſings, and like a *Dog* devoured the childrens *bread*: O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that are all goodneſſe and *All* in *All*; But yet thy gracious promiſe hath invited me to call on thee in my neceſſities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy *Word*: Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is everlaſting: Lord, as thou haſt made me ſenſible of my wants, ſo make me capable of thy reliefe. Remove my wretchedneſſe by thy Mercy; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-ſufficient Grace; Recover my *blindneſſe* by thy Light; Cover my *nakedneſſe* with thy Robe; Bee thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Lawes* be mine inheritance. Heare the *needy* when he calls upon thee, and help the

poore, that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my truſt even from my mothers womb. Make me ſufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace ſhall be ſufficient for me: Provoke in my ſoule, a thirſt after righteouſneſſe, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy ſalvation. Teach me to *aſk* according to thy pleaſure, and grant my requeſt according to thy promiſe. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *Patience* to expect thy leiſure. What I poſſeſſe, O God, let me injoy in *Thee*, and *Thee* in it; Relieve my neceſſities according to thy will, and let thy pleaſure limit my deſires: In my proſperity let me not forget thee, and in my adverſity let me not forſake thee: With *Jacobs* wealth, Lord give me *Jacobs* bleſſing;

blessing: With *Lazarus* want, O give me *Lazarus* reward: Both in want and wealth give me a contented mind; both in prosperity and adversity, give me a thankfull heart. Lord hear my prayer for thy mercie sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

The forgetful mans COMPLAINT and REMEMBRANCER.

WE are Gods *Husbandry*, our Hearts are the *soyle*, whereof some is more fruitfull, some more barren, and both unprofitable. His holy Word is the seed, which sometimes falls upon a *leane ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*; The *cares* of the world are like *thornes*, that spring up and choke it; *Persecutions* like a sowltry summer schorches it: The *lusts* of the flesh, like the fowles of the

the ayre, which wait upon the *plough*, and licenſed by the *prince* of the ayre devoure it. How many diſ-advantages, O God, attend upon thy Husbandry? how many loſſes leſſen thy *increaſe*? how many accidents make thy *ſoile* unfruitful, and thy *Harveſt* eaſie and unprofitable? To what purpoſe doe I till my *land*? To what advantage doe I ſtirre my *fallows*? I have no ſooner ſowed my willing *ground*, but the ſeed is ſtoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a prepared *heart*: I heare *glad tidings* with a chearfull eare, and then repoſe them in a joyfull breaſt; But when I look into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but emptineſſe and *vanity*. The joys of what I gain'd were ſwallowed with the grief of what I loſt. No ſooner had I

ſet

ſet my Portalls open to let in the King of glory, but loe the ſlightneſſe of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the ſepulchre of my Soule, and they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. My Beloved with-drew himſelf, and is gone, and I have ſought him, but I could not find him. O trecherous *Memory*, how haſt thou betrayed my *Reſt!* how haſt thou loſt the Balſom of thy Soul! How art thou heedleſſe in preſerving what my poore ſoul was ſo earneſt in purſuing? How canſt thou chooſe but feel the ſtroke of death, having thus loſt the Word of *Life?* What ſhall now comfort thee in thy *Affliction?* O what ſhall ſtrengthen thee in thy *Temptation?* or what ſhall wind up the *plum-*

mets

mets of thy ſoule in *Deſperation?*

Chear up my ſoul; the *Pearle* which thou haſt loſt, is hidden in thy *field*, and time ſhall bring it forth; when ſharp *Afflictions* ſhall plough up the fallowes of thy heart, this Pearle ſhall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit ſaith,

*Joh.*14.26.

The holy Spirit ſhall bring to your remembrance whatſoever I have ſaid unto you.

*Joh.*15.26.

When the Comforter ſhall come, whom I will ſend from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he ſhall teſtifie of me.

1 *Joh.*2.27.

The Annointing which yee have received of him abides in you

you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same annointing teacheth you all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Matth. 10. 19.

Take no thought, how, or what ye shall speake, for it shall be given you at the same houre what ye shall speak.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulnesse where the holy Spirit is teacher, no forgetfulnesse where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an Antidote against seven poysons; It is wisdome against folly, quicknesse of apprehension against dulnesse, faithfulnesse of memory against forgetfulnesse, fortitude against feare, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profanenesse, humility against pride.

His Soliloquy.

THe strongest City [when force without and treachery within assails it] must yield; and canst thok expect, O my soul to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devill* and the *World* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet think'st

thinkſt thou to ſuſtain no loſſe? Art thou ſo unexperienced in the Chriſtian war, to think thy *Magazine* ſafe upon ſo ſtrong a ſiege? Thou ſtoreſt thy heart with plenty of the bread of *life*, and canſt thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*. Thou ſoweſt thy ground with liberall ſeed, and thinkſt thou that Fowles of the ayre (being *Lucifers* owne Regiment) will not rob thee of a ſhare? Thou filleſt thy *Treaſury* with ſummes of wealth, and canſt thou hope the Troops within thee will not *plunder* thee? Vex not thy ſelfe my ſoule; what's taken from thee with too ſtrong an arme, ſhall be no loſſe to thee; Conſent not, but continue loyall, and thy *compulſions* ſhall never wrong thee; if thy domeſtick

Rebels

Rebells sequester thy whole Estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Cheare thee, O then my soule, the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repayed; thy wrongs shall be repaired, till then thy *sufferings* shall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His Prayer.

O God, without whose speciall blessing and successe, *Paul* plants in vaine, and *Apollo* waters to no purpose; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, inricheſt all those hearts, from whom thy patience shall expect increase; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confesse my

my own barrenneſſe, as moſt unworthy of thy paines. Lord thou haſt often ploughed my heart with *tryalls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the preſence of thy heavenly grace, and ſowed it with thy pure ſeed; yet ſuch is the baſe condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the coldneſſe of the ſoyle ſtarves it, or the cares of the world choak it, or the malice of the Devill robs it, that it cannot bring forth increaſe worthy of thy paines, or expectation. Lord I am thy *Husbandry*, continue thy carefull hand upon me, and ſupply my weakneſſe with thy ſtrength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that haſt given thy Word for a *Lamp* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, ſo open mine eyes, that I may behold the

the frailty of my flesh; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *world*, and the snares of *Satan*. Be thou my *Skreen*, to preserve this Lampe: Be thou my *Lantern*, to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my *flesh* may not obscure it, that the vanities of the *world* may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Satan* may not consume it: Unlock mine *ears*, that I may hear what thou commandest: Lock thou my *memory*, that I may retain what I heare: Enlarge my *heart*, that I may practice what I retain; and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider; O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindness. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my waies may be directed to keep

keep thy *Statutes.* Remember thy word to thy ſervant, upon which thou haſt cauſed me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my *helper:* Behold I am comfortleſſe, be thou my *Comforter.* Reſtraine his malice that ſteals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time comes, thy *harveſt* may be fruitfull, and I thy *ſervant* being found faithfull may enter into my Maſters joy, and be received into eternall glory.

THE

THE *Widdowes Distresse* and *Relief.*

SO vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this world; so transitory is the happinesse of mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, and the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefes* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, then miserable in the injoying it: The greatest of all worldly joys are but *bubbles* full of aire, that break with the fulnesse of their own vanity, and but at best like *Jonahs* Gourd, which

which please us while they last, and vex us in the losse: *Past* and *future* happinesse are the miseries of the time *present*; and *present* happinesse is but the passage to approaching miserie; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory *possessor*, perish in the very using; what was mine *yesterday* in the blessednes of a full fruition, to *day* hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance it was mine: The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *Sunne* is set, my *glory* is darkned, and not one *star* appears in the *Firmament* of my little world: He from whose loynes I came, is taken from me: He to whose bosome I returned, is taken from me: My Blessings in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me:

me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my self to bewaile the losse of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*; I that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife* am now rejected by the despisable name of a *Widdow*: I that flouaish't like a fruitfull vine upon the house-top, am now neglected and trodden under foot; He that like a strong *wall* supported my tender *Branches*, is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoile of ravenous *swine*: The *Spring-tides* of my plenty are spent, and I am gravell'd on the low *ebbes* of all wants: The *Sonnets* of my *Minth* are turned to *Elegies* of Mourning: My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovells on the *dust*: I call

to

to my *friends*, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me; My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are swallowed up. But stay my soule, plunge not too far; shall not he take that gave? Cannot he that took, restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

I will be an Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherlesse.

*Exod.*22.22, 23,24.

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherlesse child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widowes, and your children fatherlesse.

Zach.

*Zach.*3.5.

I will be a ſwift witneſſe againſt thoſe that oppreſſe the widow and the fatherleſſe.

Iames 1.27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To viſit the fatherleſſe and widow in their affliction.

Auguſtine.

God is all things to thee: Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirſty? he is water: Art thou in darkneſſe? he is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a widow? he is thy husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Auguſtine.

Whatſoever is not God, is not deſireable: Whatſoever my God beſtows upon me, let him deprive me of, ſo as he leave himſelfe: Let him take away

his gift, so he give me the giver.

Her Soliloquy.

HOW has the *Sunshine* of Truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soule has this light descried, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were nor visible! Excessive sadnesse for so great a losse can want no Argument from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *ballance* of nature. A husband is thy selfe *divided*: Thy children thy selfe *multiplied*; of whom (when snatcht away) God allows some *graine* to thy affections; but when they

they exceed the allowance, they wil not paſſe in heavens account but muſt bee coyned againe. Couldſt thou ſo often offend thy God without a tear, and cannot he, my ſoule, diſpleaſe thee once without ſo many? Does the want of ſpirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and ſhall a temporal loſſe ſo much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou caſt downe? Has thy God, promiſed to be thy husband and art thou comforted? True ſymptomes of more fleſh then ſpirit; Thy husband was the *gift*; thy God the *giver*; and wilt thou more diſpriſe the *giver* then the *gift?* Be wiſe, my ſoul, if thou haſt loſt a man, thou haſt found a *God*; having therefore wet thy wins in natures *ſhower*, go and dry them in the God of natures ſunſhine.

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore; that makest the *comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happinesse, but a sad witnesse of its vanity, doe here addresse my selfe to thee the only crown of all my joyes, in whom there is no *variablenes*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord, thou diddest give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me,

me, but thou haſt taken from me what thy goodneſs hath promiſed to ſupply: Thou haſt given, and thou haſt taken, bleſſed be thy Name for ever. Thou then O God, who art not leſſe able to perform then willing to promſe, whoſe mercy is more ready to beſtow, then my miſery is to beg, ſtrengthen my faith, that I may believe thy *promiſe*: Encourage my hopes, that I may expect the performance. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiſer. Be thou all in all to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my miſery with the ſenſe of thy mercy, and lighten my darkneſſe with the ſunne of thy *glory*. Seale in my heart the aſſurance of adoption, that I may with boldneſſe call thee my Father. Sanctifie

my actions with the Spirit of *meekneſſe*, that my converſation may teſtifie that I am thy child. Weane my heart from worldly ſorrow, leſt I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit: Prevent me with thy bleſſings: Protect me by thy Grace: Preſerve me for thy ſelf; Prepare mee for thy Kingdome. Bee thou a Father, to bleſſe me: Be thou a Husband to comfort me. In the middeſt of my want, bee thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, bee thou my mirth. Raiſe my glory from the duſt, and then my duſt ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe:

Be

Be thou a wall to ſupport my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: Let them flouriſh in the Sunne-ſhine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

THE *Afflicted mans trouble and deliverance.*

VVHich way soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *misery*, and emblemes of *mortality*; if I look up, there I behold an angry God, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I see a prepared *hell*, and I am terrified: Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Look on my left

left hand; and there adversity inforces me to a sad despair. Look about me; and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: Look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me; In all which, I perceive nothing but *misery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery the *paraphrase* of man. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh and* the *Devill*. The world troubles mee with her cares: The flesh troubles me with *infirmities*: The Devill troubles me with *temptations*: If I am rich, I am troubled with *feares* to lose: If poore, I am

troubled vvith cares to get, If ſingle, troubled to ſeek a vvife: If married, troubled to pleaſe a vvife: If I have children, every child is a nevv trouble; If childleſſe, I am as much troubled for an heire: If ſick, troubled vvith *diſtempers* and *drugs*; If ſound, troubled vvith *luſt* or *labour*: If in my buſineſſe, troubled vvith *vexation*: If in my devotion, troubled vvith *diſtraction*. Man that is born of a vvoman, hath but a ſhort time, and is full of trouble. Where ſhall I turn me to avoid this toyle? What ſteps ſhall I tread to eſcape this trouble? Shall I encline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madneſſe, therefore *trouble*. Shall I quicken my ſpirits vvith plenteous *vvine!* In much vvine is much diſtraction, therefore trouble. Or ſhall my vviſer heart ſearch

out

out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much vvisdome is much griefe; and vvho increaseth knovvledg, increaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To vvhom shall I addresse my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me: O that I had the vvings of a Dove, that I may flee avvay and be at rest. But vvhether vvouldst thou flee? flee from thy self, my soul, and haste thee to that voice that saies,

*Psal.*50.15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I vvill hear thee.

*Psal.*91.15.

He shall call upon me, and I will answver him; I vvil be vvith him in trouble, I vvill deliver him and honour him.

*Psal.*54.7.

He hath delivered me out of all

all my troubles, and mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our selves are comforted of God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee, I answered thee in the secret place of Thunder.

Greg.

It is the work and providence of Gods secret counsell, that the dayes of the Elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our long home; God therefore in his secret wisdome afflicts our travell with continuall trouble,

lest

leſt the delight of our journey might take away the deſire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is repleniſht with ſo many evills, that death is rather a remedy then a puniſhment; God therefore hath made it ſhort, that ſeeing the troubles therof cannot be removed from us, we may the ſooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquy.

BE wiſe my ſoule, and what thou canſt not remedy, endure. Does the world trouble thee? Cling cloſe to him that hath *overcome* the world. Does the *fleſh* trouble thee? *Mortifie* the fleſh in thy members: Does the

the *Divell* trouble thee? *Resist* the Devill, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *abundance*? Be not too carfull for to morrow: Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the bread of *to day* Does sicknes trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Does strength of constitution trouble thee with concupiscence? *Fast and pray.* In thy vocation art thou troubled with vexation? Let those *vexations* weane thee from the world: Is thy devotion troubled with *distractions*? Let those distractions bring thee closer to thy God. Doe losses trouble thee? Make *godlinesse* thy gain. Do crosses trouble thee? Make the *Crosse* thy Meditation: Thus whilst thou strugleſt against the stream of Nature, thou shalt be car-

carried with a *Gale* of Grace, and when thy ſtrength ſhall fail thee, a ſtronger arm ſhall ſtrengthen thee; He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conqueſt: Doe what thou canſt, and pray for what thou canſt not.

His Prayer.

O God that art the ſearcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comfort of all true penitents, whoſe wayes are inſcrutible, whoſe judgements are intolerable, whoſe mercy is comprehenſible; I thy afflicted ſuppliant, ſenſible of thy diſpleaſure, bewaile the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own

Con

Conſcience, and thy fatherly corrections; which way ſoever I look I ſee nothing but ſin and death, nothing but miſery. But Lord, ſo infinite is thy mercy above my ſinne, and ſo little pleaſure takeſt thou in the deſtruction of a ſinner, that thou haſt commanded me to cal upon thee in my trouble, and haſt promiſed to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy ſweet commands, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promiſe, my bended knees, O God, preſent thee with a broken heart; thy ſacrifices O God, are a contrite ſpirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe. Lord, I am weak, ſtrengthen me with thy Grace: Mine enemies are ſtrong, weaken them with thy power: Suppreſſe the cares of the world that ſo oppreſſe

preſſe me; ſubdue the exorbitances of the fleſh that ſo moleſt me; Curb the inſolencies of the Devill, that ſo afflict me: Endue my arm with power, and arme my heart with paticnce: Make haſt, O God, to heare me, make ſpeed O Lord to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy ſervant, O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered; Remember thy promiſe to the ſonne of thy Hand-maid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble; I call to thee in the time of my diſtreſſe, deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Conſider O Lord, I am but duſt; O magnifie thy power in my weakneſſe. Remember, O God, that I have been long afflicted, O magnifie thy mercy in my Deliverance. For in Death there is no remembrance of thee,

of thee, and in the Grave what tongue can praiſe thee? My bones are vexed; and my ſoul is troubled, but thou O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great; Regard my troubles; for they are many: Quicken my ſoul for thy Names ſake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then ſhall my ſoul rejoyce in thy ſalvation, and magnifie thy name for ever and ever.

THE

The deſerted Mans Miſery and *Comfort.*

WHEN I conſider but the goodneſſe of my God, in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vileneſſe in refuſing of ſuch gracious offers, I cannot chuſe but wonder at his mercy, in that I *live* and am not ſnatcht away from the poſſibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a life that's branded with the *mark* of death? And what happineſſe is this *poſſibility*

sibility of Repentance; which hath no strength to actuate it, but thy own. My soul, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable state art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I feare thy God hath forsaken thee. Me thinks I want the glory of the *Sun* that once revived me; Me thinks I lack the comfort of those beames that once refresht me: Me thinks I feare where no feare is; and where I most should fear I find my self no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures*, which heretofore surpriz'd my ravisht soul, have now no relish in my drowsie eare: Those heart-confounding *judgements*, whose very vvhispers in former times vvould split my soule in sunder, novv move not if they thunder. Those sinfull *thoughts* that

that preſt my ſoule like Milſtones, can now be acted, and reacted without a ſigh. Thoſe heavenly Prophets, whoſe preſence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with their abſence. My heart is a lump of *dead fleſh*, my ſoule is ſtricken with a *dead palſie*, my affections with a *Lethargie*: My *zeale* is frozen, my *faith* is bed-rid, my *charity* is dead, and my greateſt *griefe* is, that I cannot grieve. The *mark* of *Cain* is upon me, and I feare that every *Beaſt* that meets me will devoure me. O my ſoule, what comfort can remaine with thee, when the God of comfort hath forſaken thee? What ſafety canſt thou find when thou haſt loſt the GOD of Peace? VVhat would

would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God! what pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure! Chear up my soule; who gives thee a heart to desire, will likewise give thee thy *hearts desire*; Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence, is the *Symptome* of his presence: Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despaire, which saith,

Isay 54.7.

For a small moment have I forsaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee.

*Deut.*4.31.

The Lord thy God is a merfull God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy Fathers, which hee sware unto them.

2 Cor.4.9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Josuah 1.5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Neh.9.31.

For thy great name sake thou didst not utterly consumethem, nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

Let no man despaire; Let none conscious of his old sinnes make himselfe uncapable of divine grace; For God knowes how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Bernard.

When ever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy

thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord save us, for we perish: This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers, though for a time he seems afar off, fear not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His Soliloquy.

IF thy breath, O my soule, fail thee but a minute, thou dyest; If thy health forsake thee a while, thou languishest; If thy sleep leave thee, thou art distempered; No wonder if thy God withdraws, that thou art troubled: Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his *promises*, and comfort thee with his

mercies. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be comforted in him: Dost thou thirst after him? Thou shalt be *filled* with him: He that suffers not a *cup* of cold water for his sake to goe unrewarded, will not permit a *Teare* for his love to be unregarded. Hee withdravves to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to enflame the seeker: He forsakes thee a while, that he may be thine for ever: Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldst not love him, had he not first loved thee; and whom he loves, he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou hast lost him by thy sinnes, seek him by true repentance; and if thou find him

by thy prayer, entertain him with thy thanksgiving.

Her Prayer.

O God without the *sun-shine* of whose gracious eye, the creature sits in darkness, and the shadow of *death*; whose presence is the very life and true *delight* of those that love thee: Cast downe thine eyes of pity upon a lost *sheep* of *Israel*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold*, into the Desart of his own *lusts*: What dangers can I chuse but meet that have run my selfe out of thy *Protection*? What *Sanctuary* can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee

the

the God of comfort and consolation? Return thee, O great *Shepheard* of my soul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*: Thou art my way, conduct me: Thou art my light, direct me: Thou art my life, quicken me: Disperse these clouds of sinnes, that stand betwixt thy angry face, and my benighted soul. Remove that cursed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned eare, and my confused prayers, and let thy comfortable *beames* reflect upon me: Leave me not, O God, unto my selfe; O Lord, forsake me not too long; for in me dwells nothing but despaire, and the terrours of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart

of ſtone, and give me, O good God, a heart of fleſh, that it may be apable of thy mercies, and ſenſible of thy judgements: Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my ſoul from carnall ſecurity: Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou loveſt, and hate what thou hateſt: Kindle my zeale with a coal from thine Altar, and increaſe my faith by the aſſurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwaies burneſt, and never goeſt out, kindle me. O ſacred light that alwaies ſhineſt and art never dark, illuminate me. O ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoule with the ſhafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languiſh with the only deſire of thee; Let it alwaies deſire thee, and ſeek thee, and find thee; and ſweetly

reſt

rest in thee: Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

THE *Humble Mans Depreſsion* and *Exaltation.*

HOw more then happy are thoſe ſonnes of men, that meaſure no further ground then from the ſacred *Font* unto their peacefull *Grave*! How bleſſed are thoſe Infants, which never lived to taſt thoſe dear-bought *penny-worths* of deceitfull earth! Alas, there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleaſure-gilded grief:

grief: Here is nothing but ſubſtantial ſorrows, cloathed in the ſhades of falſe delight: Looke where I liſt, there is nothing can appeare before mine eye, but *ſorrow*, the lamentable object of my miſery. Contemplate where I liſt, here is nothing can preſent before my thoughts but miſery, the object of my mourning. My ſoule is a ſparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with *luſt*: an *Image* of my glorious Creator, but blur'd with *ſinne*; a parcell of mort-ll *immortality*, reſerv'd for *death*. My *underſtanding* is darkned with *errour*; my *judgement* is perverted with *partiality*; my will is diverted with *ſenſuality*; my *memory* like a Sieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the *flower* paſſe; my *affections* are aguiſh to *good*, and feveriſh to *evill*: my *faith* wa-

vers; my hope tyres; my charity freezes: my *thoughts* are vain; my *words* are idle, my *actions* sinfull: My *body* is a Tabernacle of *grief*, an Hospitall of *diseases*, a tenement of *death*, a sepulcher of a sinful soul: O my soul, how canst thou own thy self without dejection, that canst not view thy selfe without corruption? How art thou enclosed in wals of dust, tempered with a few teares! a lump of earth, quickned with a span of life. Thy life is short and evill, truly *miserable*, because evill; onely *happy*, because short. When thou endeavourest good, thy heart faints: When thou strugleſt with evill, thy strength fails. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are depreſt: For this I loath my selfe, and view my misery with *indignation.*

tion. But chear up my ſoul, and let not thy thoughts be over-preſt. The ball that is throwne againſt the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not. Doſt thou feare? deſpair not. Doſt thou deſpaire? perſiſt not; Hark what the God of truth hath ſaid,

Luke 14. 11.

He that is humble, ſhall be exalted.

Prov. 29. 23.

A mans pride ſhall bring him low, but honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit.

1 *Pet.* 5. 6.

Humble your ſelves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Iob 22. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person.

Cassid.

By humility, the members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devill. By this, the faithfull command: By this, tyranny is conquered: By this, the Martyrs are crowned: Neither can there be a perfection of vertue where there is a defect of humility.

Austin.

The Kingdome is glorious the way to it lies low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and yet refuse the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it contemns.

His

His Soliloquy.

ALL vertues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are beſieged with two *vices*; *Humi*- the fundamentall of all vertues, is not exempted: Some puſt up with their owne lowlineſſe, grow proud, becauſe humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperiſtaſis*; this is ſpirituall pride. Others, taking too ſingle a view of their own corruptions, and, more ſenſible of the diſeaſe then of the *remedy*, are caſt into deſpondency of mind, and this is called dejection: The firſt froths up into preſumption; the ſecond ſettles down into a deſpair. How canſt thou, O my ſoul, in this Tempeſt, eſcape this

this *Scylla*? or avoid that *Charibdis*? Dost thou fear the tossing *waves*? Contract thy *sayles*: Feareſt thou the Quick-sands? Use thy *Compasse*: He that stills the waves will assist thee; he that commands the Sea; will advise thee: Look not only on the *Loadstone*, for then thou wilt not see thy danger; nor only on thy misery, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy humility puffe thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If dejection knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to Gods mercy, so as thou maist be sensible of thy own *misery*; and so look downe on thy own misery, as thou maist be capable of Gods mercy.

His Prayer.

ETernall God, who ſcattereſt the proud in the Imaginations of their hearts, and giveſt Grace to the humble and contrite ſpirit, bow down thy gracious eare to me vile duſt and aſhes, whoſe miſery thus caſts it ſelf before thy mercy. Lord I am aſhamed of my own corruptions, and utterly loath my own condition: I am not an object for mine own eyes without diſdain, nor a ſubject for my own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to proſtrate my vile ſelfe before thy glorious eyes, and to preſent my ſinfull prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord if thy mercy exceeded

exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sinne, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made my self farre lesse then nothing: Revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quencht: Cleanse thy image in me, which my sinne hath blurr'd: Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit; Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things: Encrease my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Season my words with thy Spirit;

rit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdome: Subdue the insolence of my rebellious flesh: Restraine the fury of my unbridled passions: Reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may doe what I desire: Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of my own infirmities: Let not the sense of those mercies which I injoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve, that I may be truly thankfull for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despaire, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy good-

nesse

neſſe, and truly humbled by the ſight of my owne weakneſſe, I may be here exalted by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to the Kingdome of thy glory.

THE

The Sinners Conflict and *Conqueſt.*

WHen ſinne entred into the world, *death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the firſt and the ſecond, this *ſpirituall*, that *naturall*; the firſt a *ſeparation* of the body and the ſoul, and is *temporall*; the ſecond, a *ſeparation* of the body and the ſoule from the favour of God, and is *eternall*; the firſt is terrible; the ſecond intolerable. If the firſt death ſo terrified the Lord

of

of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the *child of* death? If every triviall griefe disturbs my thoughts; if every petty sickneſſe distempers my body; if the very thought of death dismayes my soul, how horrible will *Death* it selfe appeare? O when the silver *cord* shall be dissolv'd, the golden *Boule* demolisht, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broke, the *Cisterne* wheels stopt; how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea-shore hath sands; all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soul-destroying sinne, how hast thou thus betrayed me to eternall death, by thy false, momentary

mentary and deceitful *pleaſures*! How haſt thou bewitcht me with thy flattering ſmiles, and with thy counterfeit delights thus tickled me to death! Thou haſt not onely deprived me of a tranſitory *life*, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlaſting *death*; Thou haſt not only divorc'd my miſerable ſoul from her beloved body, but ſeparated both ſoul & body from the favours of my God, and left them to the inſufferable torments of eternity. O my ſoule, can thy *life* be leſſe then miſerable, which being ended, is tranſported to ſo infinite a miſery? How can thy *death* be leſſe then terrible, which opens the Gates to ſuch eternall torments! what wilt thou doe? Or whither wilt thou flee? thy *actions* cannot ſave thee, nor thy *flight* ſecure

cure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking advantage of thy *lusts* hath ſtrengthened it ſelf through thy weakneſſe. Repair to thy colours, O my ſoul, the *Lord* of *life* is thy *Generall*, He hath foil'd thy enemy and diſarm'd him: Stand faſt: He is conquered, if thou ſtrive to conquer: Hark what thy Generall ſaith,

*Revel.*2.11.

He that overcometh, ſhall not bee hurt of the ſecond death.

Revel. 2.7.

To him that overcommeth I will give to eat of the Tree of life, which is in the middeſt of the Paradiſe of God.

*Revel.*3.21.

To him that overcommeth I will grant to ſit with me in my Throne, even as I alſo overcame

came, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Revel. 2. 17.

To him that overcommeth I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to indure and love the miseries of this world, for the reward of a better; to contemne the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adversity.

Hieron. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we levell at.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

His Soliloquy.

OUr life is a *warfare*; and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of good and evill *motions*: These under the conduct of the *flesh*; Those under the command of the *spirit*: The two *Generalls*; God, and the Devill; The *field*, the heart: The word, on the one side, *Glory*; on the other side, *Pleasure*: The reward of both

both *Eternity*; on that side, of *Happinesse*: on this side of *Torment*: How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's wombe*? How doe two *Nations* strive within thee? Cheare up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee: So fight, that thou mayst conquer, so runne that thou mayst obtaine: Let not the policy of the Enemy dismay thee; nor thy own fewnesse disanimate thee: Advance therefore, O my dull soul; fear not the *fiery darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his arrow that flies by night: Presse towaads the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *bloud*: Take courage from thy cause, thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up Armes against his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Lusts*: Is thy Enemy too potent? feare not:

not: Art thou beſieged? faint not: Art thou routed? fly not: Call aid, and thou ſhalt be ſtrengthened: Petition, and thou ſhalt be relieved: Pray, and thou ſhalt be recruited.

His Prayer.

O God, to whom belong the iſſues of death, at whoſe terrible Name the very Foundation of my ſoule trembles, I a poore convicted ſinner, accuſed by my owne conſcience, and ready to be condemned by thy juſtice, do here in the very wounding of my heart, confeſſe my ſelf a miſerable creature; I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy, and where ſhall I find that mercy, but in my mer-

cifull

cifull Redeemer? Bleſſed Redeemer, that haſt promiſed victory to thoſe that ſtrive, and life to thoſe that overcome; teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: Give me a loyall heart, that the inticements of the world may not ſeduce it: Give me a conſtant ſpirit, that the pleaſures of the fleſh may not entice it: Give me a wiſe forecaſt, that the ſubtilty of the Devill may not entrap me: Let not the multitude of mine enemies diſcourage me, nor the greatneſſe of their power diſmay me, nor the weakneſſe of my arm diſhearten me. Thou that gaveſt little *Iſrael* victory againſt great *Pharoah*, ſtrengthen me: Thou that gaveſt little *David* the day againſt the great *Goliah*, ſuccour me: Thou that gaveſt ſingle *Sampſon* con-

queſt againſt the numerous Philiſtines, ſave me. Lord fight againſt them that fight againſt my ſoul: Ariſe, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded: Lord ſhield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many: Deliver me from the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evill, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beſet me, and keep me from the danger of my ſecret ſins: Double my watchfullneſſe upon my *Dalilah*, that is ſo apt to kiſſe me, and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to ſtrive, no power to ſtand, no hope to conquer: Suſtain me, that I may not faint: Second me, that I may not flee: Strengthen me, that I may not yeeld: Gird my loyns with truth, and let my breaſtplate be thy righteouſneſs, that

that putting on the Helmet of ſalvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a Crowne of glory; that having paſt the terrors of the firſt death, I may eſcape the torments of the ſecond, and triumph with thee in the Kingdome of glory.

Sions Decay and Defence.

DOcſt ask me, why ſo ſad? Or can my ſorrow be thy wonder? Canſt thou, Or can thine eye expect a *Sun-ſhine* where the greater *Lamp* of heavens is eclipſt? Or can my heart be frolique when the *Vineyard* of my ſoul is blaſted? Can the *children* of the Bride-chamber chooſe but hang their heads, to ſee the *Bridegroom* ſlighted, and the *Brides* lovely cheeks profaned

faned with every peſants hand? Can poore affrighted *Lambs* wanton & friſk upon the pleaſant plains, when as their worried mothers tremble at the queſt of every *Curre*? What member can rejoyce, when as the body is diſmembred? *Syon* the glory of heaven is darkned, and her bright beames obſcured: *Syon* the Vineyard of our ſoules is blaſted, & her *cluſters* are grown ſowre: *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer is defiled, her bloodwaſht *Robes* are ſoyl'd and ſlubber'd, *Sion*, the *Miſtreſſe* of our Flocks is overpowred, and her tender Lambs have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breſts are dry. *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the Elect, is factious in it ſelfe, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can

my diſtreſſed ſoul find reſt, when *Sion* the reſt of my diſtreſſed ſoul is oppreſt. How many of her deareſt children are now tugging at the ſlaviſh oare of *Infidells*? How many, roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many baniſht from their native ſoyles, and driven from their uſurpt poſſeſſions? This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed: her fences broken; her hedge trodden downe; her body torn by *Schiſmaticks*; cankered with *Hereticks*, blaſted with *fiery ſpirits*; her branches rent with the wild *Bore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*; her Shepheards are turned Wolves, and have devoured her flocks: Confuſion is within her walls, and deſolation is near unto her gates:

gates: O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning, and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof. But heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which saith,

Isay 27. 3.

I the Lord do keep it, and wil water it.

Psal. 69. 35.

The Lord will save *Sion*, and will build the Cities of *Judah*, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Psal. 87. 5.

Of *Sion* it shall be said, This and that man was born in her, and the highest himself shall establish her.

Isai. 14. 30.

The Lord hath founded *Sion*

and the power of his people shall truſt in it.

Iſay 12. 6.

Cry out, and ſhout, thou inhabitant of *Zion*, for great is the holy One of *Iſrael* in the middeſt of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. *in diverſ.*

O holy Lord, how happy are they that truſt in thee? It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all thoſe that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee. For behold, thy Love ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and ſhe is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then ſhe expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deſerveth ſo ſweet a ſaying? For

their

their presence, reverence, for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

The Soliloquy.

WHo is not interested in the miseries of *Sion?* What sadnesse may not be justified in her calamity? O my soule, thou mayest here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy selfe in teares. But yet be wisely sad, let not thy teares exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy griefe exclude thy *hope*. Mourn not for the *Bride* as if the *Bridegroome* were not; or being, had no power, or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self, *forgetfull*. No, no, my soule, he that suffers her

to ſuffer, will ſuſtain her in her ſufferance, and crown her ſufferings: When ſhe is perſecuted, ſhe proſpers; when ſhe is oppreſt, ſhe flouriſhes; in her contempt, ſhe gaines honor; in her wounds, victories; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *crown*; and with her crown of thorns, a *Crowne* of *glory*: Can ſhe be more like her Bridegroom then in affliction? Can ſhe more reſemble her husband then in *perſecution*? Remember, O my ſoul, ſhe is a *Plant* of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* muſt proſper in ſpight of oppoſition: Yet know my ſoul, thou ſhalt not proſper, nor ſee good daies, unleſſe thou wiſh proſperity to *Jeruſalem*; and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Prayer.

O God, that art the beauty of Sion, and the glory of thy Jeruſalem, and the Joy of thine elect, behold the mangled *body* of thy diſtreſſed Church. Relieve the miſeries of her diſtempered *members*: She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory: She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace: ſhe is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love: She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power: She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health: We are her *members*, ſanctifie us with thy righteouſneſſe. Let not the malice of Satan

tan discoura: e her: Let not the counsells of the wicked disturb her: Let not the gates of hell prevail against her. Give her verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progresse. Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Bore. Blesse all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice, Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from errour, heresie, ignorance, and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty. Behold her branches

which

which ſuffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patence. Let no weapon that is form'd againſt thy Church proſper, and let all tongues that ſpeak againſt her be confounded. Let her gates be alwaies open, and glorifie the houſe of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy juſtice to the King, and thy Righteouſneſſe to the Kings ſonne. Seaſon thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bleſſe the houſe of *Levi*, and bleſſe the houſe of *Aaron*. Turne thy countenance to thy firſt love, the Jewes, and take not thy Candleſtick from thy choſen, the Gentiles; that having one Shepherd, we may be one Flock; and having

having one faith, we may be one Church; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee here Militant in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter Triumphant in the Kingdom of Glory.

THE

THE *Mourners Calamity* and *Conſolation.*

FOr Stoiciſme to rejoyce at *funerals*, and lament at *births* of men, is more abſonant to *Nature* then to Reaſon, Too ſelf-indulgent *Nature* would preſerve her ſelf on any terms, but well-inſtructed *Reaſon* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth, purchaſt on condition of ſo long a *miſery*. Who knows himſelfe

ſelf a *Man*, need ſeek no further for a cauſe to mourn. For what is man but a Sampler of *weakneſſe*, the ſpoile of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconſtancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what beſides, but *fleam* and *choler*? His *Birth* is a painfull coming into the world: His life a ſinfull continuance in the world. His *death* a dreadfull going out of the world. His *Birth* brings him into the *ſhop* of ſinne: his *childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to ſinne; his *youth* makes him *free* in ſinne; his *full age* trades in ſinne, his *old age* breaks him; his *laſt ſickneſs* arreſts him, and *death* caſts him into priſon. The *pleaſure* he takes is to diſpleaſe his God, his *buſineſs* is to diſturb his Neighbour, his ſtudy is, to deſtroy himſelf, his beſt

labour

labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour, is *vexation of spirit*; his mirth is a short *madnesse*; his sorrow a long torment; his recreation is a *formall Antick*; his devotion an *antick formality*; his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and *charity*, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence*; his *pleasures* are but angry *shadows* to beguile him; his honours are but frothy pleasures to betray him; his profit is but golden fetters to beslave him; the effect whereof is *sinne*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soule, is this the pleasure that this world promises? Is this that happinesse that this great promiser affords: had men no hopes

hopes of greater happineſſe then earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a Beaſt! What happineſſe can counterpoiſe his ſorrow? What mirth can countervaile his miſery? What comfort is there in this *Houſe of Mourning*? Where then ſhall I repoſe my truſt? On whom ſhall my cruſht hopes relie? Dareſt thou believe the word of Truth? Hark what the word of Truth hath ſaid,

Matth. 5. 4.

Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.

Pſal. 119: 50.

This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Iſay 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance to comfort all that mourn.

Jer.

Jer. 31. 12.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their sorrow.

*Psal.*71.20,21.

Thou which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth; Thou shalt encrease my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

*Aug. Soliloq. cap.*33.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the light of Truth: But Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness, and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

Chrysol.

Chryſol.

Though we have ſowne in tears, yet we ſhall reap in joy; yea, though we have ſown but a very few tears which God hath in a ſmall bottle, yet we ſhall reap all the infinite joyes which God hath in heaven: Though we have wanted wine a little while, yet in the end Chriſt ſhall turn all our water into wine, all our ſadneſſe into gladneſſe, all our muſing into Muſick, all our ſighing into ſinging.

Bern. in Ser. de Reſur.

We find glory in the Croſſe; to us that are ſaved it is the power of God, and the fulneſſe of all vertues.

His

His Soliloquy.

MISERY is the badge of *Mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man; He that viewes himselfe impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seene thy own misery, how more miserable hadst thou beene! Hadst thou beene hoodwinkt to thy *corruptions*; hadst thou beene blinde to thine infirmities; had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redresse beene blockt up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy self, and fallen at thy own *destruction*! O my soul, it is a great part of *safety* to see a danger; a good step towards *health*, to discover the

the diſeaſe; a faire progreſſe towards *happineſſe*, to behold thy own miſery: But *evills* diſcovered and no more, grow ſharper by the diſcovery: He only uſes a foreſeen danger, that endeavors to avoid it: He profits by a diſcovered *diſeaſe* that labours to amend it. He takes benefit by previſed miſery, that ſtrives to eſchew it. Being fairly warn'd, my ſoule, be thou as ſtrongly arm'd: Doeſt thou plead weakneſſe? be couragious, and thou ſhalt be victorious: Does ſadneſſe cool thy courage? be patient and thou ſhalt be comforted: remember thou art militant. Doeſt thou find thy ſelf timorous? ſtrengthen thy ſelfe with reſolution. Doſt thou find thy ſelfe ſpent? fortifie thy ſelfe by Prayer.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and bottleſt up the teares of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a grieved breſt: Look on my tears, and read in them what my cloſed lips are even aſhamed to utter. Thou madeſt me free, but I have loſt my freedom by my rebellion: Thou madeſt me like thy ſelf, but I have blur'd thine Image by my ſinne: Thou madeſt me cleane and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou madeſt me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy diſhonour: Thou madeſt me

a Man, but I have made my ſelf a worm and no man. Lord I ſee the miſery of my owne Condition; and without thy mercy I am worſe then nothing. But thou art gracious, and of great compaſſion, and thy truth endures from generation to generation. Lord, thou haſt promiſed joy to thoſe that grieve, and comfort to them that mourn: In full aſſurance of thy gracious promiſe, upon my bended knees, I humbly ſue for thy ſeaſonable performance: Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights ſorrow, and let the joy of thy good Spirit chear me in the morning: Let me not grieve like thoſe that goe into the pit, nor let my mourning be like theirs that have no hope: Let not the vaine comforts of the world pleaſe me, nor the

the dead pleasures of the earth rejoyce me: Make me a willing Prisoner to my griefe, untill thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes that I may weep bitterly for my offences: Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou maist wash away the filth of my corruptions. Let nothing stop the current, but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dryed in the sunshine of thy favour. Accept O God, of this wet sacrifice of teares, and let my groaning be a peace offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these

my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits, that my sad soul being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endlesse comfort, and thy Name eternall glory.

THE

THE *Serpents Subtilty* and *Defeat.*

WHat miserable dignity belongs unto the honourable name of man! What sad Prerogatives pertain to that unhappy Generation of *Mankind*! Ah, what is man but a polluted lump of living clay, a little heap of selfe-corrupted earth? created to happinesse, born to sorrow. And what is

Man-kind, but a tranſitory ſucceſſion of *Miſery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entayld from generation to generation? Each particular man is the ſhort and ſad ſtory of *Man-kind*, written by his ovvn dear experience, in a more favourable ſtile vvherein every one is naturally inclined to ſpare himſelfe, and hide his nakedneſſe among the *ſhades*; vvhere, being lott, he ſeekes himſelfe unfound, or finds himſelfe unknowne, or knovves himſelf moſt miſerable. The Devil appear'd not as a *Lion*; ſtrength could not conſtraine an upright ſoule. He appear'd not as a *Dragon*; feare could not compell a dauntleſſe ſpirit. But he appeard a *Serpent* to inſinuate and creep into the boſome of his ſoft affections. Hovv often is this ſtory acted

acted by me the miserablest of *Adams* sonnes. Behold how the forbidden Tree of vain delights stands laden with her pleasant fruits. See how the *Serpent* twists and winds, and tempts the weaker *vessell* of my body. which having yeelded, tasts, and tempts my better part! Which done, what nakednesse, what shame presents before my guilty eyes? What slight excuses, (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakednesse, my shame? And when the *voice* of my crying conscience calls me in the *cool* of my lusts; O how I start, and tremble, and seek for covert among the trees; where being found at last, and question'd, my soul accuses the infirmity of my body, my body accuses that serpentine temptation, so that all three being

partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soule, art thou surprized. Thus every moment does this twisting *serpent* tempt and overcome thy frailty: Thus every minute are eternal deaths still multiplied upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy collaps'd estate to overcome that *Serpent*, which *Adam* in his perfection did not conquer? Chear up, my soul, there is a Champion found shall curbe this *serpents* power, and heaven hath spoke it,

Gen. 3. 15.

The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1 Joh.3.8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devill.

Rev.7.14.

He shall make warre with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome him.

Eph.6.16.

Above all things take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysost. super Mat.

He forced him not; he touched him not; onely said, *Cast thy selfe downe*; that we may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devill, casteth himselfe downe: for the devill may suggest, compell he cannot.

Bern. in Ser.

It is the Devills part to sug-

geſt, Ours, not to conſent: As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo oft we overcome him; ſo often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angells, and glory to God; who propoſeth us, that we may contend; and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

His Soliloquy.

MAn by the power of the tranſcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue good: Man through diſobedience loſt this power, and that arbitrary goodneſs is turnd to neceſſary evill: The whole Maſſe is corrupted, and lies in the ſame condition it made it ſelfe; but God out of an unſearch-

ſearchable love to his Creature, out of his infinite wiſdome (not violating his juſtice) found a way to exerciſe his mercy, drawing what handfulls he pleaſed (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*; the reſt he left to it ſelf. As it had been no injuſtice in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had caſt it ſelf; ſo it was an inſcrutable mercy to draw out ſom part out of that ſelf-made perdition. This Redemption, O my ſoule, was a Legacy given at the death of thy Redeemer; and thy buſineſſe is to ſearch the Will, and in it thy Intereſt: But where is that Will? Search the Scriptures: But how ſhall it appear by ſearching? By the fruit thou ſhalt know the Tree: Examine thy heart; Doſt thou find there a love to God for his

owne ſake, and a love to thy neighbour for Gods ſake? and to both for obedience ſake? go thy wayes, thou art in the *will*, and the *ſeed* of the woman hath broke the Serpents head.

The Prayer.

O God that didſt create mankind for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedſt Man being loſt, with the bloud of thy only Son; and haſt preſerved him by thy free mercy, and continuall providence. I a poor ſonne of miſerable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my ſelf unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies. Lord, what am I that thou ſhouldſt look upon me? and what is the ſonne of thy hand-

handmaid, that thou ſhouldſt think upon him! I know the beſt of all my actions are unclean, and theſe my very prayers are an abomination in thy ſight; my thoughts, my words, nay the whole courſe of my life is ſinne, and there is nothing in me which deſerves not death: Yet Lord, even for the Altars ſake on which I offer up this ſinfull ſacrifice, loath not the prayers of my polluted lips, nor ſtop thy ears againſt my ſad complaints; Lord, I am as vile as ſinne can make me, and deſerve what curſe thy wrath can lay upon me: I brought corruption from the womb, and ſuckt rebellion from the very breaſt; My life is nothing but a Trade of ſinne, wherein I hourly heap unto my ſelfe wrath againſt the day of wrath, that inſomuch wert thou

not

not more mercifull then I am or can be to my ſelf, I had been now roaring under thy juſtice, that am here begging for thy mercy: Lord, I am nothing but infirmity, and daily wallow in my own corruptions: That old ſerpent continually beſieges me, and the feebleneſſe of my old man cannot reſiſt him. Ariſe, O God, and cruſh thy enemy and mine, whoſe fury through my confuſion aims at thy diſhonour. Let the ſeed of the woman quicken in my ſoul, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it break the Serpents head, that I may conquer for the time to come, and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time paſt; give me water from the ſpring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death:

death: Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languish daily, that being confident in thy promise, I may be sensible of thy performance; and being freed by thy power, I may be filld with thy praise, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

THE

THE *Sinners Poverty* and *Relief.*

WHerein doth this my naturall State excell a beaſt? in what one thing? Am I not worſe? Their outward ſenſes are more perfect, my inward ſenſes are leſſe pure. Their natural *inſtinct* deſires good, and chuſes it; but my perverted will ſees good, and yet declines it: They eat, being ſatisfied with moderation; perchance I want, or ſurfeit. They ſleep ſecure

eure from fears and cares, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to heaven, and are fed by Providence, I truſting to my ſelfe, want through my Improvidence. The worthleſſe Sparrows are lodgd in their downy feathers, the ſilly Sheep repoſed in their warm fleeces, but I have nothing to cover my nakedneſſe, nothing to hide my ſhame. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own; or if I have, it is loſt with the deſire of having. I look into my Soul, and can find nothing there, but the abſence of what I had, or the defect of what I want. I pry into my Underſtanding, and there I finde nothing but darkneſſe. I ſearch into my Will, and there I find nothing but perverſeneſſe. I examine

mine my affections, and there I find nothing but *disorder*; I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but distemper: What I had, I have not, and what I want, I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is good, I quickly lose it for want of knowledge how to prize it. If I finde any good which I had lost, I keep it not for want of wisdome how to use it. When I call my Conscience to account, my owne soule is brib'd against me; and when I call my course of life to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sence of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I faulter, and my distraction denies me utterance. Or if my hopefull thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my guilt despairs of entrance:

trance: Or if a flash of *zeal* should wing my prayers, and dart them up unto the Almighties eares, my unrepented sins forbids them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lockt against me, and the *keyes* are lost by my neglect. My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portals open. Chear up my soul, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the Keeper farre. Call him, and thou shalt hear him say,

Luke 11.9.

Ask and thou shalt have, seek and thou shalt find, knock and it shall be opened to thee.

Matth. 7.11.

If you being evill, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your father which is in heaven, give good things unto them that ask them?

John

Iohn 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatſoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 21.

All things whatſoever ye ſhal ask by prayer, believing, ye ſhall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wiſdom, let him ask it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it ſhall be given him.

Bernard.

It is eaſier that Heaven and Earth ſhould paſſe, then if thou ſeek God, not to find him; or then if thou ask, not to receive; or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chryſ. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things

things, becauſe I have Chriſt; having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward, for he is the univerſall reward.

His Soliloquy.

CAnſt thou, O my ſoule, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantſt him that is the only ſupplier of all wants? The *beaſt* perſormes his duty, and (made for thy ſervice) ſerves thee, and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *Fowls* of the ayre (being pinched with hunger) caroll forth their ſweet *Hoſannaes* and are fill'd, and then returne Muſicall *Hallelujahs*. Canſt thou, my ſoule, expect ſupplies like them, and uſeleſſe means then

then they? Come, thou art worth many *ſparrows* (were not five ſold for a farthing?) The bloud of Jeſus is thy price, and for his ſake all things are thine. Shall *beaſts* for their own ſakes be ſupplied, and ſhalt thou in the *Name* of Jeſus be denied? Can a *Mother* pitty the trickling tears of her unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *aſk*, *ſeek*, and *knock* in vain? I, but my tongue is ſlow. Was not *Moſes* the man of God ſo? when I *ſeek*, my *luſt* diverts me, and I am loſt. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his *loſt* ſheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong dror*; fear not when thou knockſt with a *right* heart; He that is every where will be found; He that made the eare will hear thee.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give, then I to ask, and with-holdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart; I a poore suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of my own defects, and timerously conscious of my evill deserts, do here even cast my selfe on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I want, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers which a poor sinner emboldned by

by thy promiſe, preſents before thee; by whoſe free favour I have received whatſoever I have obtained, and by my own folly loſt whatſoever I have received. Give me a cleare ſight of my owne poverty; ſhew me the poverty of my own reliefe, that ſo I may forſake the broken Reed of my own power, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe in the comfort of thy promiſe. Lord thou haſt commanded me to ask, but my ſinnes cry louder then my ſuits. Thou haſt commanded me to ſeeke, but my own guilt leads me the wrong way. Thou haſt commanded me to knock, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the blood of my bleſſed Saviour ſtop the mouth of my crying ſinnes: Let his full ſatisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains

that

that captivates my power: Teach me to ask, that haſt commanded me to ask: Thou that haſt commanded me to ſeeke, direct me, and let my knocking be guided by thy hand: Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I ſhould; Grant me prudence, that I may ſeek where I ſhould: Give me providence, that I may know when I ſhould. Let not my faintneſſe in asking teach thee to deny: Let not my fooliſhneſſe in ſeeking tempt me to deſiſt: Let not my unſeaſonableneſſe in knocking ſtrike me with deſpaire: Give me a fervent faith, that I may ask with confidence; a conſtant hope, that I may ſeeke with courage, an unwearied patience, that I may knock with conſtancy. Let me aske like the

the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me seek like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee: Let me knock like the sinfull Publican till thou open to me, that having found thee here by grace in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the society of Angels.

THE

THE *Faithfull mans Fear* and *Crown.*

Doe this and live: Some comfort yet remaines, though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned, *Do this and live*: But what is the work that may deserve such wages? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, & perfect love to thy Neighbour: But will not the utmost of my

power doe? Will not the best of my endeavour serve? No, he thats perfect, made thee perfect, and requires a perfection. Alas, if life depend upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy unability for the work, propheſies the impoſſibility of the reward. My ſoul, thou art become a legall debter, and the utmoſt farthing is expected: Thou canſt neither pay the debt, nor hide thee from thy Creditour: What wilt thou doe? Wilt thou plead immunity? Thy own hand will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead payment? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee: Wilt thou plead Mercy? Thy owne Rebellion will diſ-enable thee. My ſoule, what ſecurity wilt thou put in? Or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flee? O flatter not thy ſelf, and put not the *evill day* from thee.

Thou

Thou haſt not onely not done what thou ſhouldeſt, but thou haſt done what thou ſhouldeſt not. Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Creation*, by diſ-obeying thy Creatour: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit: Thou haſt ſinned againſt Gods *Judgements*, by thy preſumption: Thou haſt ſinned againſt his *Mercies* by thy deſpaire: Thou haſt ſinned againſt thy *Conſcience* by thy Rebellion: Thou haſt ſinned againſt *Providence*, by thy diſtruſt. Every day brings in an *inventory* of thy ſinnes, and every ſinne brings in a *Faggot* to thy execution. O my ſoule, behold the miſery of thy eſtate, and tremble; behold the Mercies of thy

God and wonder: Tremble, for he is a God to puniſh thy iniquities: Wonder, for he is become a man to beare thy iniquities: Tremble, for thou art not able to do his Commands, Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canſt doe; Will not the frailty of thy fleſh permit thee to doe? let the faithfulneſſe of thy heart encline thee to deſire: Do what thou canſt, and believe what thou canſt not. Chear up my ſad ſoul, for he that hath conſidered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulneſſe of thy heart, who ſaith:

*Rev.*2.10.

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

*Matth.*25.21.

Well done good and faithful ſervant,

ſervant, thou haſt been faithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of the Lord.

*Gal.*3.9.

So then, they that be of faith, are bleſſed with the faithfull *Abraham.*

2 *Tim.*4.8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteouſneſſe, which the Lord, the righteous Judge ſhal give me at that day.

James 1.12.

Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tryed he ſhal receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promiſed to them that love him.

Bernard.

O onely ſafe fight, which for and with Chriſt is undertaken! in which the Chriſtian Souldier

neither wounded, nor overthrowne, nor trodden under foot, no nor slain, can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shamefull flight.

Aug. in Sentèn.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tolerable, if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it hastneth the receiving of our glorious reward; for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evills, passeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

His Soliloquy.

STand not, O my soule, upon the *legges* of a sinner, but flee into the Armes of thy Saviour, and

and what thou canſt not purchaſe by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy debt, and thy Jeſus wil juſtifie the payment: Truſt not in thy ſelf, leſt thou be deceived by thy ſelf. Doſt thou, O my ſoul, deſire faith? renounce thy ſelfe. Wouldſt thou preſerve thy faith? Condemn thy ſelf: The way to faith is from thy ſelfe: Is thy ſoule dark? Faith enlightens it: is the gate of heaven ſhut? Faith unlocks it: is that way dangerous? Faith ſecures it: is thy heart timerous? Faith emboldens it: is death terrible? Faith conquers it: is the Crowne of life difficult? faith obtaines it: *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.* Fear not thy weakneſſe, O my ſoule, it ſhal not be to thee according

to thy works, but faith: If thy good works cannot save thee before faith, then evill works cannot damn thee after Repentance. As he that crownes thy good works, crowns his own gifts, so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Cast anchor here my soule, and if the waves of thy corruptions overwhelme thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

His Prayer.

MOst glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angells are impure; before whom the Cherubins do vaile their blushing faces, I the wretched of-spring of presumptuous flesh and bloud fal down before the

the footstoole of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinfull prayers: If thou shouldst weigh my actions with thy righteous balance, or try me with the touchstone of thy sacred Laws, the vialls of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord thy Commandements are most just, and my performance is most imperfect; the best of all my works deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers are sin. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord thou hast redeemed me. I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God,

thou haſt in ſome meaſure ſanctified me, I have ſinned againſt my ſanctification, and yet O God, thou haſt not forſaken me: I have ſinned againſt the continuance of thy Mercies, yet haſt thou not confounded me: The whole practiſe of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually; wherefore I wholly renounce my ſelf O God, and utterly diſclaim the works of mine own hands: in thy goodneſſe, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I ſeek for refuge: Grant me the power to doe what thou commandeſt, and then command me what thou pleaſeſt: Crucifie the fleſh within me, and deliver my ſoule from the ſpirit of bondage: Free me, O Lord, from the oldneſſe of the letter,

letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newnesse of the spirit: Let the rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy Remembrance; and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion; Quicken my spirit with a lively faith; Lord I beleeve, Lord help my unbelief, that so being faithfull to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promise.

THE

The Fearfull Mans Conflict and *Prize.*

HOw potent are the infirmities of flesh and bloud! How weak is *Natures* strength! How strong her weakneſſe! How is my easie faith abus'd by my deceitfull sense! How is my Understanding blinded with deluding Errour? How is my Will perverted with apparent good! If reall good present it selfe; hovv purblind is mine eye to view it!. if vievvd, hovv dull

is

is my *understanding* to apprehend it! if apprehended; how heartleſſe is my judgement to allow it! if allow'd, how unwilling is my *will* to chooſe it? if choſen, how fickle are my reſolutions to retain it! No ſooner are my reſolutions fixt upon a courſe of Grace, but Nature checks at my reſolves, no ſooner checkt, but ſtraight my will repents her choice, my judgement recals her ſentence, my underſtanding miſtruſts her light; and then my ſenſe cals fleſh and bloud to counſell, which wants no arguments to break me off. The difficulty of the Journey daunts me, the ſtraightneſſe of the Gate diſmaies me; the doubt of the Reward diverts me; the loſſe of worldly pleaſure here deterres me, the loſſe of earthly honour there diſ-

ſwades

ſwades me; here the ſtrictneſſe of Religion damps me, there the worlds *contempt* diſheartens me; here the fear of my preferment diſcourages me. Thus is my yeelding ſenſe aſſanlted with my conquering doubts: Thus are my militant hopes made captive to my prevailing feares; whence if happily ranſom'd by ſome good motion, the devil preſents me with a beadroll of my offences: The fleſh ſuggeſts the neceſſity of my ſinne, the world objects the foulneſſe of my ſhame; where if I plead the mercy & goodneſſe of my God the abuſe of his mercy weakens my truſt, the ſlighting of his goodneſſe hardens my heart againſt my hopes. With what an hoſt of enemies art thou beſieg'd my ſoul! How, how are thou beleaguerd with continual feares!

feares! How doth the guilt of thy unworthineſſe cry down the hopes of all compaſſion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquerd by the conſciouſneſſe of thy own demerits, and thou art taken priſoner, and bound in the horrid chaines of ſad deſpaire. But cheare up my ſoule, and turne thy feares to wonder and thankſgiving; truſt in him that ſaith,

Luk. 12. 32.

Fear not little flock, for it is your Fathers good pleaſure to give you a Kingdome.

Col. 1. 13.

He hath delivered us from the power of darkneſſe, and tranſlated us into the Kingdom of his dear Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the

the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the Kingdome of God.

*Jam.*2.5.

Hath not God chosen the poore of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdome which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22.29.

I appoint you a Kingdome, as my Father appointed to me.

Augustine.

Though we labour in a boisterous sea, yet thou Lord, art our Pilot, and steerest our course between Scylla and Charybdis, so that both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at the Port secure,

Macar.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries; by which contention honour is obtained

---

His Soliloquy.

HAST thou crucified the Lord of *glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldnesse to expect his Kingdome? Consult with reason, and view thy Merits; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou crucifiedst even making *Inter-*

cession

ceſſion for thee, and offring thee a crown of Glory. Behold the greatneſſe of thy Creator vail'd with the goodneſſe of thy Redeemer; the juſtice of a firſt perſon qualified by the mercy of a ſecond; the purity of the Divine Nature uniting it ſelfe with the humane in one Emanuel; a perfect Man to ſuffer, a perfect God to pardon, and both God and Man in one perſon, at the ſame inſtant able and willing to give, and take a perfect *ſatisfaction* for thee. O my ſoul, a wonder above wonders! an incomprehenſibility above all admiration! a depth paſt finding out! Under this ſhadow, O my ſoul, refreſh thy ſelf: If thy ſins fear the hand of juſtice, behold thy *ſanctuary:* If thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate:*

if

if thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy baile, Behold the Lamb of God that hath taken thy sins from thee. Behold the blessed of heaven and earth that hath prepared a Kingdome for thee. Be ravisht, O my soul, O blesse the name of *Elohim*; O blesse the name of our *Emanuel*, with praises and eternall Halelujahs.

His Prayer.

GReat Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear lo rescue me, the meanest of thy little flock; cast down thy gracious eye upon the weaknesse of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion: open mine eys, that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold.

Enlighten

Enlighten my understanding, that I may clearly discern that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend. Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently resolve those doubts, which my understanding cannot determine. Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely choose that good which my deceived heart cannot desire. Fortifie my resolution that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold. Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh. Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer my selfe, and still withstand the assaults of my owne corruptions. Moderate my delight

light in the things of this world, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour. Let not the feare of worldly losse dismay me, nor let the losse of the worlds favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly griefe, and let the love of thee expell all carnall feare. Let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reproachfulnesse of that death which thy Sonne suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake. Let not my sinne against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sinne; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the

the all ſufficiency of his merits: Let not the foulneſſe of my tranſgreſſions lead me to diſtruſt, nor let the diſtruſt of thy pardon leave me in deſpaire. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a Father, and remove all ſervile fear from me, that thou maiſt behold me as a ſonne. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to diſpleaſe thee: That being freed from the feare of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promiſe, die in the fulneſſe of thy favour, and riſe to the inheritance of an everlaſting kingdome.

THE

THE *Plague-Affrighted mans Danger and Deliverance.*

HOw is the language of death heard in ev'ry ſtreet, which by continual *Paſſing-bels* proclaimes mortality in every care! How many at this inſtant lye groaning in their ſick beds, and markt for death, whilſt others that lived yeſterday are now laid out for evening *burial!*

How

How many that are now ſtrong, and healthful, and laying up for many years, are deſtin'd for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill? How many are now preparing to ſecure their lives by flight, who whilſt they run from the *tyranny* of their feares; flee into the very boſome of danger! What *ayre*? what *dyet*? what *Antidote* can promiſe ſafety? What ſhield can guard the angry Angels blow? What *Rhetorick* can perſwade the heaven-commanded *Meſſenger* to ſlake the fury of his reſolute arme? It is an arrow that flees by day, yet who can ſee it? It is a Terrour that ſtrikes by night; and who can ſcape it? It is the peſtilence that walketh in darkneſſe; and who can ſhun it? The ſtrength of *youth* is no priviledge againſt it. The ſoundneſſe

neſſe of a Conſtitution is no exemption from it: The ſoveraignty of *drugs* cannot reſiſt it: Where it liſts, it wounds, and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods Artillery, and like himſelfe, reſpects no perſons. The rich mans Coffers cannot bribe it: The skilfull Artiſt cannot preſcribe againſt it: The black Magician cannot charm it. My ſoule, into what a calamity art thou plundged! With what an enemy art thou beleaguer'd? What oppoſition canſt thou make? what Auxiliaries canſt thou call in? How many ſad *Copies* of thy deſtruction are daily ſet before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort haſt thou in that life which every minute threatens? What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in that breath

which drawes and whiffs perpetuall feares? What art thou other but a man condemned, expecting execution? And how is the bitternesse of thy death r[illegible]plied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sickenesse, whose distraction took not away thy means of preparation, it were an easie calamity: Were it a sickenesse, whose contagion dissolv'd not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but halfe a misery; But as it is, sudden, solitary incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortlesse? Sinke not beneath thy feares my soule; Thy deliverance is Gods Royalty, and under his wings is thy salvation; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee.

Psal.

Psal. 91. 10.

Neither shall the plague come nigh thy dwelling.

*Psal.*91,1,3,4,5.

Who so dwelleth in the secret of the most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter & from the noysom pestilence; He will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his feathers; His truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid of the Arrow that flieth by day, nor of the Pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor of the Plague that destroyeth at noon day. A thousand shall fal at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come near thee.

Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sickneſſe, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it? O happy feaver, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire? O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but only ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

Greg. in Paſtoral.

O wiſdome, with how ſwee an Art doth thy wine and oy reſtore health to my healthleſ ſoule? How powerfully merc full, how mercifully powerfu art thou! powerfull for me, me cifull to me.

His Soliloquy.

AND can the noiſe of death O my ſoul, ſo fright thee in the ſtreet, and the cauſe of death not move thee in thy boſome? Shall Paſſing-bells tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgements of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly Bills of a ſilly Pariſh-clark more move thee then the ſacred *Oracles* of a holy Miniſter? Shall the *plague* inflicted upon others, more ſtartle thee then many plagues denounced upon thy ſelf? Be wiſe my ſoul, avoid the cauſe, and thou ſhalt prevent the effect; Be afraid of *ſin*, and thou needeſt not fear the punishment. Feareſt thou the

infection? fly from it: But whither? Under the wings of the Almighty. But thy ſinnes deny protection there: Then nayle them to thy Saviours Croſſe: Feareſt thou yet? O my ſoul, haſt thou ſo long ſubſiſted under thy own protection, and dareſt thou not venture under his! Can there be a ſanctuary more ſecure? A protection more ſafe? Feareſt thou death under the wings of the God of life? or danger under the ſhadow of the Almighty? But the ſuddenneſſe of that death denies preparation: His wings continually prepare thee. It baniſhes all my friends, and in them my comfort: When thou haſt God to thy friend, what comfort canſt thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His

His Prayer.

LOrd, in whoſe hand are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciouſly incline thy tender ear, and mercifully hear the ſupplications of thy ſervant, who hath no hope but in thy goodneſſe, and no comfort but in thy promiſes. My heinous ſins, O God, have provoked thy heavie indignation, and I am humbly ſenſible of thy ſore diſpleaſure: Thy judgements are come abroad amongſt us, & the vialls of thy conſuming wrath are powred out upon us: The ſinnes of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou haſt viſited us with great Mor-

tality: Thy people are powred out like water, and our land is become a Land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thine Angell, it is enough. Be thou my refuge and my Fortresse, O God, and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the pestilence that walketh in darknesse: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon day. Give thy Angells charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy waies. Prepare me, O Lord, against the hour of death, and

streng-

ſtrengthen my ſoule in the aſſurance of thy Mercy; Humble my heart with the true ſenſe of my tranſgreſſions, and work in my ſoule an unfeined repentance: Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending ſo gracious a Father: Wean me from the truſt of all tranſitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily dye in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death, and train me, O God, for the day of my diſſolution: inſtruct and rectifie my vain deſires, that all my wiſhes may ſtand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort, that living or dying, I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgements to hate ſinne, and let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love: Be gracious to thoſe

whom thou haſt markt for death, and ſeale in their hearts the aſſurance of thy favour, that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred our daies in wiſdome, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlaſting.

THE

THE *Perſecuted Mans Miſery* and *Reward.*

ARe theſe the gains of godlineſſe? Are theſe the wages of a holy life? Hath the ungratefull World no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *ſcorn*, *contempt*, and *perſecution*? Whilſt I priz'd the world, I wanted nothing that

that the world calls good, neglected honor followed me; unſought for *pleaſure* coveted me; unpurchaſed *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wiſh that happineſſe I had not: I could not want the happineſſe earth had: Nothing was too deare: Nothing was too precious. Thus whilſt I priz'd the world, the world priz'd me: if I were ſad, her mirthfull ſmiles would chear me: if ſick, her mournfull ſonnes would viſit me: if weary, her wanton lap would dandle me; where rockt into a ſlumber, I dreame, all this was but a dream, and waking, found it ſo: not willing to be fed with *ſhadows*, I changed my thonghts, and my affections alterd; and finding earth too ſtreight for my deſires, I caſt mine eye to heaven und after many conflicts

betwixt

betwixt my members and my mind, even there I fixt. The jealous earth grew angry, frownd and calld me fool, with-drew her honors, with-held her *pleasures*; recal'd her favours, and now I live desips'd, contemn'd, and poore. O sad condition of *mankind*! How plausible are his waies to death? and how unpleasant are his paths to life! No sooner had I made a Covenant with my God, but the world made a Covenant against me, scandald my name, slanderd my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despisd my integrity: for my Professions sake I have been reproached; and the reproaches of the world have fallen upon me: if I chastned my soule with fasting, it stil'd me with the name of Hypochrite: if I reprove the vanity of the times,

it

it derides me with the ſtile of *Puritane*: I am become a *ſtranger* to my brethren, and an *Alien* to my mothers ſonne: I goe mourning all the day long, and my boſome-friends are eſtranged from me: They afflict my body with open puniſhment, and make a paſtime of my affliction. They that ſit in the gate ſpeak evill of me, and drunkards make their ſongs againſt me: but be not thou diſmaid, my ſoule, nor let the arm of fleſh diſcourage thee: thy *proſecutions* here, are nothing but the propheſies of a Paradiſe hereafter: He that is born of the fleſh, inherits the pleaſures of the world; But thou that art borne of the Spirit, heare what the Spirit ſaith,

Matth.

*Mat.*5.10.

Bleſſed are they that are perſecuted for my name ſake: for theirs is the Kingdome of heaven.

*Luk.*6.22.

Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall hate you, and ſeparate themſelves from you, and ſhall revile you, and caſt out your name as evill, for the Sonne of mans ſake.

1 *Pet.*3.14.

If ye ſuffer for Righteouſneſſe ſake, happy are ye, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

*Mat.*10.22.

Ye ſhall be hated of all men for my ſake; but he that ſhall endure unto the end ſhall be ſaved.

Matth.

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forſaketh lands, or brother, or ſiſter, or father, or mother, for my ſake, ſhall receive an hundred fold, and ſhall inherit eternall life.

Chryſoſt.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward & crown may hereby be encreaſed; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, ſo much and more will he add to our retribution.

Greg. Nyſſ. de prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of maſteries, wherein the greateſt Garlands are allotted to them who ſuſtain the greateſt labours; for by the ſmarts of our ſtripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

Aug.

Aug. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkneſſe, he is light; if naked, he is a Robe of immortality.

His Soliloquy.

HE that ſhall weigh the gain of godlineſſe by the ſcales of the word, or the pleaſures of the earth by the ballances of the Sanctuary; ſhall upon a review, find a bad *Market.* Thinkſt thou, my ſoule, to be made happy by the ſmiles of earth? or unhappy by her frownes? When ſhe fawnes upon thee, ſhe deludes thee; when ſhe kiſſes thee, ſhe betraies thee:

thee: She brings thee butter in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand: Trust not her flattery, O my soul, nor let her malice move thee: Her Musick is thy Magick: Her sweetnesse is thy snare. She is the high-way to eternall death; if thou love her. thou hast begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendst thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end: When she distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee, when she afflicts thee, God instructs thee: When she locks her gates against thee, heaven opens for thee; when she disdaines thee, God honours thee; when she forsakes thee, he ownes thee; when she persecutes thee, he crownes thee. Why art thou then disquieted my soule, and why is thy spirit troubled within

in thee? truſt thou in him by Faith: if thou want comfort, flee to him by *Prayer.*

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O moſt bleſſed and glorious Spirit in whoſe eyes the Saints are precious, who putteſt all their teares into thy bottle, and in the middeſt of all their ſorrowes ſendeſt comfort to thy Elect, behold my ſufferings, and regard my ſorrowes; Let not thine enemies triumph and make a ſcorne of him that feares thee: Strengthen me, O GOD, to maintaine thy Cauſe, leſt they that perſecute me, think there is no God: Thou knoweſt my reproach, and

and ſhame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Ariſe, O God, and plead thy cauſe, & let them know that thou art God. Make me to heare the voice of joy and glaeneſs, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciouſly deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter cup of affliction from me. But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to indure till thou art pleaſed to releaſe me, and courage to beare what thy wiſdome ſhall permit: Let not the vanities of the world deceive me, nor the corruptions of my fleſh diſturb me. Let not the ſuggeſtions of Sathan deterre me, nor the threatning of man divert me. Preſerve my footſteps in the waies of thy Truth,

Truth, and keep me truly constant to the end: in all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense of thy love, and strengthen my Faith in all my Trialls: Give me an inward thankfulnesse O God, thou that hast made me worthy to suffer for thy Name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be mercifull to them that hate me, and do good to those that persecute me. Open their eyes that they may see thy truth, and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name: in all my tribulations be not thou farre from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me: Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies heare me, and in the truth of thy salvation helpe me; that I confessing thee here before

before the children of men with undaunted resolution, I may be enroll'd in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodnesse, and hereafter raign in the Kingdom of glory in thy eternity.

THE

THE *Sinners Accompt*, and *Quietus eſt.*

HOw can I flatter my owne deſtruction; and with the common ſtream of fraile mortality run into the dead ſea of everlaſting death! How ſoundly can I ſleep in the wanton lap of treacherous ſecurity, untill I wake diſarmd of all my *ſtrength*, and turne a prey to that falſe *Philiſtine* that ſeeks my ſoule! when

When I call to mind the course that I have runne, and set to view the steps that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my actions by that Law, and justly proportion my punishment to those actions; O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with despair: O then my sinnes appeare too great for pardon, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turne, I turne to my disquiet: Look where I will, I view my own discomfort: Look up, I see a dreadfull God: Look down, I see a direfull devill: Look forwards, I see a Roll of sinnes: Look backwards, I see a roaring

ring Conſcience: Look on my right hand, I ſee my bold Preſumption: look on my left hand, I ſee my baſe deſpaire: Look within me, I ſee nothing but Corruption: Look about me, I ſee nothing but Confuſion. I have ſinned upon ignorance, ignorance will not excuſe me: I have ſinned upon weakneſſe, weakneſſe will not plead for me: I have ſinned againſt my conſcience, my conſcience will accuſe me: I have ſinned againſt the Law, the Law condemnes me. What canſt thou ſay my ſoule, that Sentence of death ſhould not be given againſt thee? Can the voice of thy ſorrow out-cry the language of thy ſinne? Can the teares of thine eye ſcoure the ſtains of thy ſoul? Can the ſighs of a finite creature ſatisfie for the

offences against an infinite Creator? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of Eternity? He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; And what canst thou doe towards thy own salvation? Prostrate thy self, my soul: Behold thy *misery*, and bewail thy selfe; renounce thy selfe, abhorre thy selfe: flee to the Hornes of the Altar, and call for the promise of mercy, in which thou mayst find comfort. *Ezek.*18.21.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sinnes that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawfull and right, he shal surely live, he shall not die.

Acts 3.19.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sinnes may be

be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3, 9.

The Lord is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die O house of Israel?

Augustine.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damn me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou

mayst save me; Thou wilt not sweet Jesus, so much remember thy Justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sinnes plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate: It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy: and though my sins have done much against thee, thou wilt have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forgive my transgressions.

Hu

His Soliloquy.

AN humble Confidence is the Meane betwixt the two Extreams, Presumption and Despaire: That usurps Gods mercy upon false grounds; This excludes it, and all meanes to it: The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to pardon; Take heed, O my dejected soul; Plunge not thy selfe in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; Swim not without bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the uglinesse of the sinne, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour; so when thou discoverest the *disease*, the disease will discover a

remedy. When the fiery Serpent hath ſtung thee, the brazen Serpent muſt heale thee: Nothing, O my ſoul, makes thy ſinne too great for Mercy, but deſpair; this only excludes Repentance, and impenitency alone makes thee uncapable of Pardon. He that hath promiſed forgiveneſſe at thy Repentance, hath not promiſed Repentance at thy pleaſure. Haſt therefore, O my ſoul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, leſt it ſhould prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy preſent ſinne, and God will turne his eyes from thy paſt ſinne: Cry aloud, and ſpare not, leſt thy ſinne cry aloud, and he ſpare not: Let thy Confeſſion finde a tongue, and his Compaſſion will find an ear.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art in thy ſelfe moſt glorious, but in thy Sonne moſt gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent mercifull; I the work of thy own hands, but wholly diſfram'd by my own corruptions, humbly proſtrate my ſinfull ſelf before the footſtoole of thy Mercy-Seat, totally miſerable through my ſinnes, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt proceed againſt me in thy juſtice, my portion would be no leſſe then eternall death: But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the converſion of a ſoule, then

exercise thy justice in the confusion of a sinner: Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poor wretch that stands trembling before the barre of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the Seat of thy mercy; I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater then my iniquities; I know moreover that thou art most just, but in shewing mercy thy Justice will be no loser. Lord I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pitty; for I know thou art a gracious God, of long sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy justice, that am here suing for thy mercy.

cy. Lord I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinne is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and the burthen of them is intolerable: I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father; I therefore flee from thee as a sharp Revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benigniy toward thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against me; Wash my guiltinesse in his blood, and in the multitude of thy Compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arme me for the time to

come, that being purged from my sinnes, and cleansed from my offences, I may be cloathed here with the Robes of grace, and crown'd hereafter with a Crown of Glory.

THE

THE *Sinners Thirſt*, and *Draft*.

LOE, I that like the Prodigall had once the freedome of my Fathers table, could now be ſatisfied with the crums beneath it: I that could cloath me with change of garments from my Fathers Ward-robe, could now be thankfull but for raggs to hide my nakednesse:

I that forsook him like a disobedient sonne, would hold it now a happinesse to be his meanest servant. What shall I doe? Or whither shall I goe? By whose charity shall I subsist? my weakness will not give me leave to work? My unworthinesse will not suffer me to appeare; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounc'd my Father, have made my selfe no sonne; and being no sonne, how dare my boldnesse call him Father? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who shal make my peace? I have forsaken him, and who shal restore me to him? Can I expect a blessing from him I have offended? Can I presume of favour from him I have so grieved? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have for-

forſaken? O my ſoule, how! how haſt thou beſlaved thy ſelf, and loſt that freedome, without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly loſt? Thou haſt loſt that Father that was wont to bleſſe thee: Thou haſt left that Lord that was pleaſed to *govern* thee: Thou haſt renounc'd that Saviour that *redeem'd* thee; and only haſt reſerv'd a God to puniſh thee, a Judge to *ſentence* thee: Thou haſt loſt thoſe *bleſſings* by thy contempt, which thou canſt not regain with the price of thy teares: Thou haſt quencht that Spirit, whereby thou hadſt the power to quench the fiery darts of Sathan: Thou haſt diverted the current of that Fountain, whoſe water ſatisfied thy full deſires: O my ſad ſoul, how! how wert thou diſtemper'd, that couldſt not reliſh

that

that which nouriſht Angells into immortality! Why didſt thou not inebriate thy ſelf with that delicious ſweetneſſe, and Ark it up like *Iſraels* Manna to remain with thee and thy ſucceeding Generations? O that mine eyes could teach thoſe bleſſed ſtreams to run, which my ungratefulneſſe hath ſtopt! Or that my prayers could like *Eliahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down thoſe celeſtial ſhowrs to ſlake my thirſt! that I may drink my fill of that immortall water: Take comfort, O my ſoul, Thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promiſe,

Rev. 21.6.

I will give to him that is a-thirſt, of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

Matth.

Mat. 5.6.

Bleſſed are they that hunger and thirſt for Righteouſneſſe ſake, for they ſhall be filled.

John 4.14.

But whoſoeuer drinketh of this water, that I ſhall give him, ſhall never be more athirſt; but the water which I ſhall give him, ſhall be in him a water ſpringing up into eternall life.

John 7.37.

If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink; he that beleeveth in me, out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22.17.

Let him that is athirſt, and whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Auguſtine

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy vertue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streames of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst, thou art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. lib. 5. in John cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God.

His

His Soliloquy.

IT is leſſe danger to want, then to be unſenſible of thy wants: Doſt thou want, my ſoul? deſire: Doſt thou deſire? ask: Doſt thou ask? thou ſhalt receive; and what thou ſhalt receive, ſhall ſatisfie thee. Be not troubled: If thy wants caſt thee down, let thy deſires raiſe thee up. Shall thy naturall wants be confident of ſupply from thy naturall father, and ſhall thy ſpirituall defects deſpair to be repaired by thy ſpirituall father? How doſt thou injure Providence, O my diſtruſtfull ſoul! How doſt thou wrong

wrong the God of mercy! how slight the God of Truth! Hee that heares the cry of Ravens, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deafe to thee? He that robes the Lillies of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparrel'd, will he deny thee those graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life: Art thou thirsty? he is the water of life: Art thou naked? flie to him, and he will give thee the richteousnesse of his owne Sonne. Build upon his Promise, who is Truth it self; Rely on his Mercy who is goodnesse it self: Art thou a Prodigall? yet remember thou art a Sonne: Is he offended? he will not forget he is a Father; Come therefore with a filiall boldnesse, and he will grant thy hearts desire.

His

His Prayer.

O GOD that art the welſpring of all Grace, and the fountaine of all goodneſſe, whoſe promiſes are faithfull, & whoſe word is truth, who heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and healeſt the ruptures of an humble ſpirit, I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, proſtrate my ſelfe before thee, and preſent unto thee the ſad petitions of a penſive breaſt; I have ſinned, O Lord, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and againſt thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne. I have caſt off the yoak of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant

nant, and cast them farre from me; I have sinned against thy mercies, and have spurn'd against thy judgements; Thy judgements have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me: But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth O God, nor the follies of my elder days. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion, & open thine ears at my repentance; Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition; A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise: Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and restore me to the joy of thy salvation: Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase

creaſe in me a ſpirituall thirſt; Make me to underſtand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Teſtimonies be my whole delight: As the Hart panteth after the Water brookes, ſo my ſoule longeth for the Well ſprings of Life: Lord thou haſt promiſed to anſwer thoſe that call unto thee, to be found by thoſe that ſeek unto thee, and to ſatisfie thoſe that thirſt after thee. Make good thy Word, O God, and heare my prayer; Make good thy promiſe, Lord, and be not farre from me: I have ſought thee in thy promiſe, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirſted for thy grace, O fill me with thy goodneſſe; Open thy Well-ſprings that I may drink freely of the waters of life, that my ſoule being

being satisfied in the fulnesse of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises, that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace, I may raign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of glory.

THE

THE *Good Mans Diſtruſt* and *Satisfaction.*

WHen I conſider the *All-ſufficiency* of my God, I dare not queſtion the performance of his *promiſes*; but when I behold the inſufficiency of my ſelfe, I cannot but fear the promiſes of his *performance*. When I behold in Him the goodneſſe of a *Father*, my heart growes confident, and I cannot fear;

feare; But when I finde in me the disobedience of a Sonne, my soule growes conscious, and I dare not hope: VVhen I dive into the depth of my own misery, I search further, and find a greater depth of his mercy, & am secure: But when I finde the freenesse of his *mercy* requited with the wilfullnesse of my Rebellion, O then my soule despaires, and thus destroyes the grounds of all my comfort. He invites my laden soule to come, and offers rest. Alas, I come, and yet my laden soule can find no ease: He promises eternall life to my beliefe, but yet he gives me not the power to believe: He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain: He promises a Comfor-

ter

ter to ſtrengthen my Remembrance; yet ſtill my treacherous memory failes me: He promiſes to be a father to the fatherleſſe; yet ſtill my wants perſwade me that I want a father: He promiſes audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redreſſe: He promiſes forgiveneſſe to the true repentant; but who ſhal give me power to repent? He promiſes to gather me in mercy, though a while forſaken? yet I have long expected, with a fruſtrate expectation: He promiſes an exaltation to him that is humbled, yet my dejected heart is ſtill ſuppreſt: He promiſes freedome from the ſecond death, to him that conquers; I ſtrive to overcome, yet feel a hell: His promiſe was to guard his Vine-

yard and to dresse it; yet Foxes destroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it: He promised comfort to all those that mourn, & yet I mourn without a comforter: He promised, that the womans seed should break the Serpents head; and yet the Serpent never was more strong: He bid me seek, and I should find, and yet alas I seek, but can find nothing but my wants: He calls them blessed that suffer for his Name; yet who more miserable? He promises the Springs of life to him that thirsts; and yet I thirst to death: My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that gives thee interest to those promises? Cheare up my soule, and what thou canst not doe, endeavour; He that accepts

accepts the will for the deed is in his promiſe, Yea, and Amen.

Mark 13.31.

Heaven and earth ſhall paſſe away, but not one tittle of my word.

1 *Kings* 8.56.

Bleſſed be the Lord, that hath given Reſt unto his people, according unto all that he hath promiſed. There hath not failed one word of all his good promiſes, which he hath promiſed.

2 *Cor.* 1.20.

For all the Promiſes of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

Iſay 45.23.

I have ſworne by my ſelf, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteouſneſſe, and ſhall not return.

2 *Kings* 10.10.

Know then that there ſhall

fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is setled in heaven.

Autor scalæ Paradisi Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair; think not thy self contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face awhile. All things co-operate for the best; both from his absence & his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, he goeth from thee; he cometh to make thee consolate: he goeth to make thee cautious; lest thy abundant consolation puffe thee up: he cometh; that thy languishing soul may be comforted: he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and being absent,

to

to be more desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

Aug. Manu.

O my soule, stampt with the Image of thy God: love him of whom thou art so much beloved: Chuse this frind above all thy friends; who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithfull unto thee. In the day of thy buriall, when all forsake thee, he will neither leave thee nor deceive thee, but mightily defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

His Soliloquy.

WIlt thou never, O my distrustfull soule, submit thy will unto his will that

made thee? Must his goodnesse be alwaies the circumference of thy desires, and thy pleasure stil the Center? is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the substance of thy happinesse, but must thou bind him to thy circumstances? Shall the power of an infinite Creatour be confin'd to the pleasure of a finite creature. Stand not in thy own light, my soule; the Independence of thy exorbitant desires, shuts the door upon that happinesse thou desirest: Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a kingdom, will first make thee capable of a Kingdome: Thou that shalt be a gainer by his favour, shalt be no loser by his delay: Canst thou hope to be filld with the *water* of life, not first purg'd

with

with the fire of Affliction? How often haſt thou murmur'd for that, which if enjoy'd, had been thy ruine? God hath promiſed, but hath delayed performance to exerciſe thy patience: He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy Faith: if Faith be able to remove Mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity: Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes, will come, and will not tarry. O my ſoul, as nothing hinders the performance of his Promiſe but diſtruſt, ſo nothing haſtens the Promiſe of his Performance but thy Prayer.

His ~~Soliloquy~~. prayer

O God, that art all-ſufficient in thy ſelf, all-graci-

ous

ous in thy Sonne, moſt abſolute in thy purpoſes, and moſt faithfull in thy promiſes; I the miſerable object of thy mercy, here humbly preſent my ſelf before thee the mercifull beholder of my miſery: Lord wherein have I to truſt but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy Promiſes? Every ſin is full of death, and every action is full of ſin, inſomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion againſt thee; But, O my God, thy goodneſſe is like thy ſelf, infinite; and thy mercy is paſt my comprehending: Thou knoweſt that I am evill, and wholly evill, and that continually; Thou knoweſt I am but duſt and aſhes, and the very of-ſpring of corruption, and thy glory is no leſſe magnified in my confuſion, then in my

ſal-

ſalvation; But Lord thou art a gracious God, and takeſt no pleaſure in the death of a diſtreſſed ſinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, & thy goodneſſe is from generation to generation. When I was in open Rebellion againſt thee, thou reconciledſt thy ſelf to me; when I was utterly loſt, thou redeemedſt me with the innocent bloud of thy deare Sonne; and being redeemed, thou haſt ſanctified me with the freeneſſe of thy Spirit: Thou haſt raiſed me by thy power, and ſtrengthned me by thy Promiſes. What ſhall I return thee, O my God, for thy innumerable mercies? Or what kind of recompence can duſt and aſhes make thee? My tongue ſhall ſing the wonders of thy goodneſſe, & praiſe thy Name for ever and ever.

Con-

Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindnesse: Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy Commandements, & a full confidence in all thy Promises; Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure: Lord, what I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder; and what I cannot doe, give me power to beleeve: Let not the apparition of my own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor let the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume, that living here in the expectation of thy truth, my hopes may be perfected to the glory of thy Name.

FINIS.